

L. *5.*
A FAITHFUL
ACCOUNT
OF

Mr. ARCHIBALD BOWER's Motives
for leaving his Office of Secretary
to the Court of INQUISITION.

Including also,

A RELATION of the horrid Treatment of an innocent Gentleman, who was driven mad by his Sufferings, in this bloody Court; and of a Nobleman who *expired* under his Tortures: To both which inhuman and shocking Scenes the Author was an Eye-Witness.

WITH THE
DIFFICULTIES he met with in escaping from
thence.

by Richard Boscawen.

The SECOND EDITION,
With a New Occasional PREFACE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. GRIFFITHS, Bookseller, in St. Paul's
Church-Yard. MDCCLI.

to the Court of Inquiry

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THE END

Difficulties do not arise in carrying them

Wm. & Mary. Colonial Press. 1784.

FOODS

Printed in U.S.A.

THE PREFACE.

MR. BOWER, who was unhappily educated in the Church of *Rome*, has given the World very sufficient Reasons for his leaving that Communion, in the two Volumes of the Lives of the Popes already published; and we impatiently expect two more from the same able Hand. The generous Subscription he has had, and the universal Applause with which his Books have been received, will powerfully stimulate and urge him to prosecute his great but laborious Design. What Effects his Books may produce amongst those of the *Romish* Persuasion, and whether Reason and Historical Facts will be sufficient to controul the Prejudices of Education, we cannot possibly say; but this we are sure of, that to expose the Absurdities of Popery, is always useful, always necessary in a Protestant Country. In Order to be serviceable in some Measure in this Respect, and to shew our People the Horrors of Popery, and the Hell of an Inquisition, we lately gave the Public the following Account; and tho' we were mistaken in one Circumstance mentioned in the Preface, viz. That Mr. B—— had given to Dr. *Hill* such an Account, yet that no Way affects the Truth of the Narrative. It was then sufficient to our Justification, that we were credibly told so; and it
now

P R E F A C E.

now thoroughly acquits us of all Blame, that we retract that Particular. The only Objection therefore remaining is, that it is the Right of Mr. B—— and of no Person else, to publish this Account : To which we answer, that Mr. B——, frequently entertaining his Friends by telling them these Stories, cannot complain of our Endeavours to give the like Entertainment to others, who are deprived of the Pleasure of his Friendship and Conversation. And whatever private Reasons Mr. B—— may have against it, yet the Editor is sure that they *ought* to be published ; and therefore gives the World this new Impression.

November 22, 1750.

RICHARD BARRON.



Mr. *Bower's* ACCOUNT of his Escape
FROM THE
INQUISITION.



*M*R. *Bower* says, that what first occasioned him to contrive his Escape from the Inquisition, was the Cruelty exercised there, particularly on two Gentlemen whose Stories he thus relates.

Information having been given to the Inquisition at *Macerata*, that a Gentleman had been guilty of speaking disrespectfully of their Office; all imaginable Diligence was
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us'd to discover him; and Advertisements fix'd up at *Rome*, and other Places, describing him to be a *tall black Man, with an Impediment in his Speech.*

One of their Emissary's happening to be at *Florence*, in the public Walks, met with a Person, whom he thought answered the Description. Accordingly he spared no Pains to insinuate himself into his Acquaintance; and succeeded so far, that the Gentleman finding him to be a Stranger, offered to shew him the principal Curiosities of the Place; and entertain'd him, at his House, in a free and hospitable Manner.

After some Time, the Stranger told him that he hoped he would suffer him to return the Obligation, by accompanying him to *Rome*; and passing some Days with him at his Seat, in the Neighbourhood of that City, where he found the Gentleman had never yet been.

Accordingly they set out together, and instead of carrying him to any House of his own, he led him directly to the Palace of the
Inquisition

Inquisition at *Macerata*, where, after bringing him to the great Hall, he desired him to amuse himself with the Paintings there; and excuse his leaving him a little, to give the necessary Orders in the House.

Whilst he was thus admiring the Grandeur of the Place, and suspecting, from the Richness of the Furniture, that he had not treated his Friend with the Respect that was his due; he observed several Persons peeping One by One at the Door, and staring him full in the Face,

Upon this, seeing no Sign of his Companion's Return, he began to suspect some Treachery, and was just stepping out, when a Person came up to him, and enquiring where he was going, told him, that no Body was suffered to depart thence, that he was now in the Hall of the Inquisition, and must certainly have been guilty of some great Crime, or he would not have been brought thither; so that he must take up his Abode there.

Immediately he was thrust down into the Dungeon; where, after being fed for a Week with Bread and Water, he was brought up in the middle of the Night, to a Room hung with Black, where the Council of the Inquisition was sitting, (one of which was Mr. *Bower* himself) where he was told, by the Inquisitor General, that he must certainly have been guilty of some great Offence; for the holy Inquisition never accused any one rashly, so that he must consider what it was, and impeach himself.

Upon his protesting his Innocence, he was prepared for the Torture, which was inflicted in this Manner. The unhappy Man was stripped naked, and by Means of four Ropes, which ran upon as many Pullies, at each Corner of the Room, his Arms and Legs were extended, within one Degree of breaking; and he was laid upon his Back with an Iron Spike fixed under him.

In this Condition he lay for some Time, in extreme Anguish; but still refusing to accuse

cuse himself, he was remanded back to his Dungeon; where he had not been long, before the Inquisition having dispatched an Express to *Rome*, with their Suspicions, that from his Resolution, and other Circumstances, he could not be the Man they imagin'd, received for Answer, that they need give themselves no further Trouble about him, for that they had discovered the true Offender; upon which this Gentleman was discharged, after they had given him an Oath of Secrecy. But the Hardships, under which he had labour'd, and the Torments he had suffered, had so far depriv'd him of the Use of his Faculties, that he continued the Remainder of his Life senseless and distracted in the Neighbourhood of *Macerata*.

This, Mr. *Bower* says, shock'd him extremely. But what determin'd him to leave them, when Opportunity offer'd, was the following Affair, which he relates thus.-----
As a Nobleman (a Friend of his) who was just marry'd, was walking in his Garden with his Lady; two Capuchin Friars pass'd by with their Feet and Heads bare, and the
mor-

mortifying Garb of their Order. When they were got to some little Distance, and, as he thought, out of hearing, he express'd to his Wife his Surprize, that any Person could be so far infatuated, as to believe that such a particular Dress could be meritorious in the Sight of God.

Unhappily for him, he was overheard by the Friars, who made their Report to the Inquisition. Mr. *Bower*, as one of the Inquisitors, was ordered to take a sufficient Guard, which they always had in waiting, to bring his unfortunate Friend before them. It would have been vain for him to have express'd the Reluctance he inwardly felt; for the least Signs of it might have prov'd fatal to himself.

About the middle of the Night, he and his Attendance appear'd before the Nobleman's Door; when, upon their knocking, a Servant look'd out of a Window, and enquiring who was there, was answered, *the holy Inquisition*: Upon this, knowing the Consequence of a Refusal, he hastened down, opened

opened the Door, and conducted them into the Bed-Chamber, where the new married Couple were fast asleep.

The first who wak'd was the Lady, who seeing such a Crew of Ruffians in the Room, screamed out, for which, she was saluted by one of them with a Blow on the Face, that made the Blood gush out. Mr. *Bower* was much enraged at this, and asking the Fellow what Authority he had for such an unparalleled Piece of Cruelty, threatened him severely, and afterwards had him punished in an exemplary Manner.

This wak'd the Husband, who being very much surprized at what had happen'd, casting his Eyes on Mr. *Bower*, cryed out, Ah, my Friend, is it you! Yes, he reply'd, it is; and you must immediately rise and follow me. This he soon comply'd with. Accordingly he was conducted to the Inquisition, where he was told, he was certainly guilty of some great Crime; and that he had a Week given him to recollect himself what it was, and so accuse himself.

All that Time he was confined in a Dungeon, and fed with nothing but Bread and Water, in Order to weaken him, and render him less able to undergo the Torture.

At the End of the Week he was brought, in the Night, before the infernal Tribunal; and so altered, that he was scarce known to be the same: And upon his declaring that he was not conscious of any Thing culpable, he was led to the Torture, which was thus inflicted on him.

By Means of four Cords, which came over four Pullies, at each Corner of the Room, and met in the Centre, he was hoisted up to the Cieling, where, by a sudden Jerk, all his Bones were dislocated.

After he had hung some Time in this deplorable Condition, the Inquisitor General thinking he had not yet suffered enough, commanded them to slacken the Cords, in Order to let him fall with a Shock to the Ground. This, after what had been done
before,

before, is thought to be one of the greatest Torments that human Nature is capable of sustaining. But when they came to inflict it, they found that the unhappy Man was already dead; upon which they buried him in a private Manner, and sent a Note to his Wife, desiring her to offer up Prayers for his Soul, in all the Churches in *Rome*.

After two such Pieces of unexampled Cruelty, and sanctify'd Villany; in both of which, by Virtue of his Office, but in the latter more particularly, Mr. *Bower* had been so deeply, tho' reluctantly concerned, he was determined, at all Events, to make his Escape from the Inquisition; being persuaded, that if he could get to *England*, the Place of his Birth, he should meet with Encouragement from some of his Countrymen; several of whom he had been acquainted with in their Travels thro' *Italy*.

He was sensible of the Difficulties he had to encounter, none being suffered to stir out without Leave first obtain'd from the Inquisitor General. To him therefore he apply'd

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for a Permission to go on a Pilgrimage to *Loretto*, a Thing that he had hitherto long neglected.

The Inquisitor General applauded his Resolution, and gave him Leave; but immediately dispatched an Express to *Loretto*, to know precisely the Time he arrived there.

Accordingly Mr. *Bower* set out on Horseback, and having arm'd himself with a Pocket Pistol, was determined, in Case he found he could not otherwise escape, to dispatch himself; being persuaded, that if ever Suicide was excuseable, it must be in his Circumstances, in order to avoid the Torments, which, if he should be taken, would be inflicted on him.

After many Contests with himself, he continued firm to his original Project; and with Design to pursue it, cross'd out of the Road not far from *Loretto*, and shaped his Course towards *Switzerland*; knowing that if he could but reach *Bern*, a Protestant Canton, he should be safe. In order to attain it, he
travelled

travelled Day and Night upon the Mountains; but at last, himself and Horse growing faint, for want of Sustenance, he made up to a Town, which he took to be *Bern*; but which proved, to his great Concern, to be a Popish Canton. However, he alighted at an Inn, where there happened to be two Men who were reading a Paper, which, casting his Eye upon, he found to be a Description of himself; promising a great Reward for apprehending him.

He endeavoured to conceal his Confusion as much as he could, wiping his Face with a Handkerchief to prevent his being observed; 'till at last, one of the Men asking him why he wiped his Face, as if he was afraid of being seen; desired him to read that Paper, which he did, as he says, with great seeming Composure.

In the mean while, one of them whispered his Companion; and soon after they retired into a Room together, to consult whether they should apprehend him or not, as it was a hazardous Affair; it being possible

that he might be a Courier of the *British*, or some other Minister.

Mr. *Bower* took this Opportunity to fly to his Horse, which he mounted with the utmost Expedition, and gallop'd into a neighbouring Forest, where he concealed himself for some Time, and afterwards pursued his Journey; subsisting himself, for several Days, upon nothing but what the Fields and Woods afforded. At last, his Horse, as well as himself, being almost worn out with Hunger and Fatigue, happening one Morning, to spy a Light at a Distance, he made up to it at all Events; and, upon his knocking at the Door, a Man looked out at the Window, and of whom he enquired whether it was a Protestant Country; to whom he reply'd, Yes, thank God for it. Immediately upon hearing this joyful News, he desired him to come down and open the Door; for that he was the unfortunate *Bower* that had escaped from the Inquisition, and was now in the utmost Distress for want of Rest and Food. Accordingly he alighted, and was received by the Landlord with the utmost Hospitality; who,

who, upon his enquiring how far it was to *Bern*, informed him about two Miles; and offered himself for his Guide.

Upon his Arrival at *Bern*, he was advised in order to avoid several Popish Countries; to take Shipping on the *Rhine*, as far as *Straßberg*. He embark'd therefore on that River, and one of his Companions in the Vessel happened to be a Jesuit, who not knowing him, entered into Discourse with him about his own Escape from the Inquisition.

When they were got pretty near to *Straßberg*, the Ship bulged upon a Rock, so that they, with great Difficulty, escaped to Shore, where Mr. *Bower* immediately took Post-Horses for *Calais*. No sooner was he arrived there, and alighted at the Inn, than he saw on the Gate, Advertisements describing him, and promising a Reward for apprehending him. This made him resolve to depart as soon as possible; so that he went down to the Shore, in order to see if there was any Vessel ready to sail for *England*; but
to

to his great Mortification, found none; and the Wind being high, could not prevail with any to put to Sea.

At last, for a considerable Sum of Money, he engaged some Fishermen to carry him over. Scarce had they set sail, but the Waves ran so high, that the Men declared it impossible to succeed, for that no Boat could live. In vain he offered them all he was worth, in case they would venture; for all their Reply was, that he certainly must have been guilty of some very great Crime, to attempt to run so great a Hazard. Accordingly they put back, and landed him again.

But instead of going to the same Inn, he went to another; where thinking he heard in the next Room, the Voice of some *English* Gentlemen, he determined to discover himself to them, being of Opinion, that no Persons so merry and chearful as they appeared to be, could harbour any Ill-will against him.

Animated by these Reflexions, he knocked at the Door; and, to his great Satisfac-

tion, the first that came to him was Lord *Baltimore*, with whom he had before some small Acquaintance.

His Lordship was much surpriz'd at seeing him there, but told him that he had no Time to lose, for that strict Search had been made after him, and Spies planted about every Person that went for *England*. In short, he accompanied him to the Sea Shore, and offered him his own Yatch to carry him over, in which he immediately imbark'd, and soon landed safe at *Dover*.

The next Day, Mr. *Bower* was much surprized with a Letter brought in, directed to him; but much more when upon opening it, he found it came from the Inquisitor General; with Promises of great Honour and Rewards, in Case he would return to the Inquisition.

This, it seems, being left undirected, was ordered to be delivered to him, as soon as it was certainly known that he was arrived in *England*; but upon his Enquiry for the Person

son who brought it, no Body could tell what was become of him. However, he had seen too much already, to rely on what they promis'd; and contented himself with Expressing his Gratitude to God, for happily escaping out of their Clutches, and safely arriving in a free and Protestant Country.

F I N I S.

